

# NATIONAL

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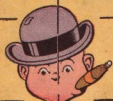
AUGUST  
No. 61

## COMICS

10<sup>c</sup>

*The*  
**BARKER**

*finds*  
**TROUBLE**  
*comes in*  
**SMALL**  
**PACKAGES!**



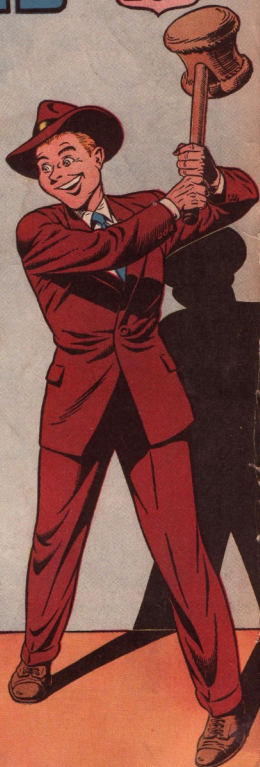
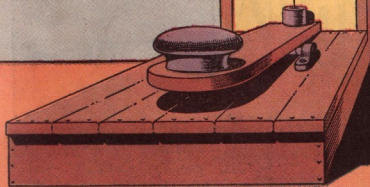
ROAR



LAUGH



GIGGLE







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN COMICS

THESE  
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR  
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

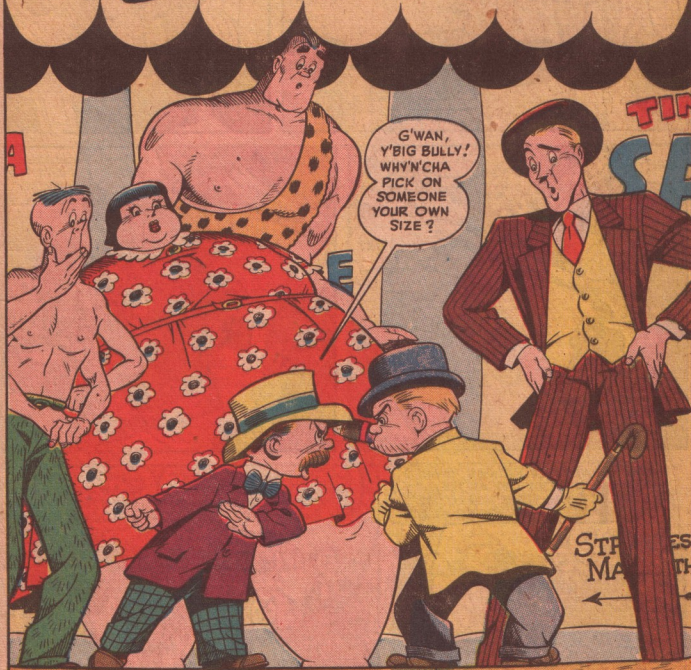
ACTION, LAUGHS <sup>AND</sup> THRILLS!

HIT  
COMICS  
NATIONAL  
COMICS

NATIONAL COMICS, August, 1947, No. 61. Published bi-monthly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Office, Curley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Brenner, Editor. Yearly subscription (6 copies) \$1.00. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th St., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1947 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U.S.A.



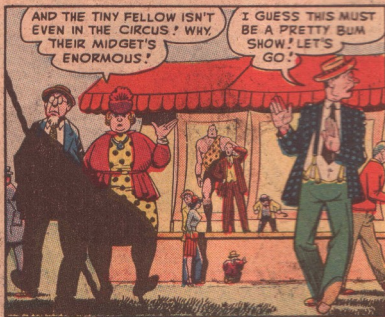
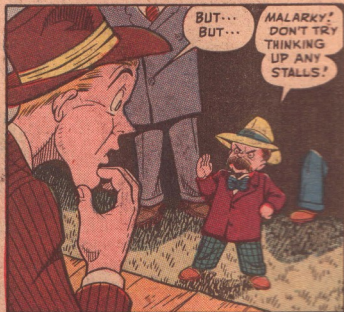
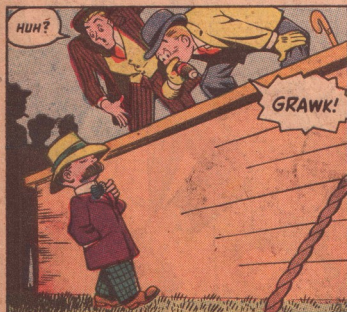
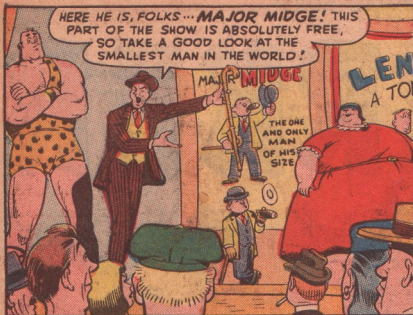
# The BARKER



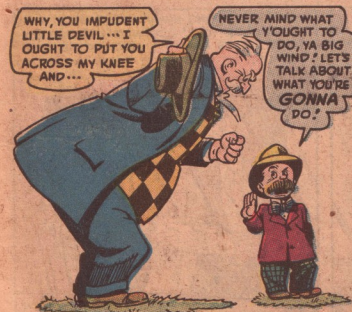
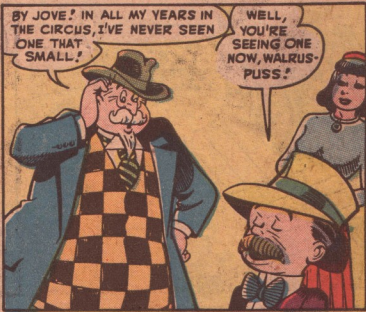
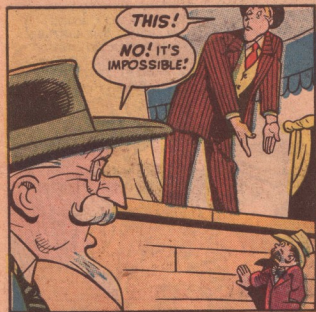
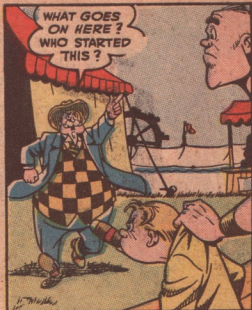
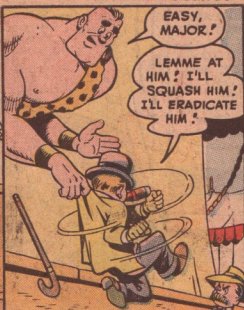
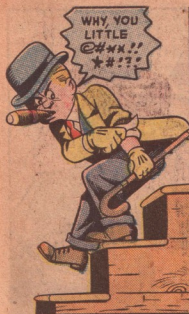
COL. LANE'S  
MAMMOTH CIRCUS

By Klaus Nordling

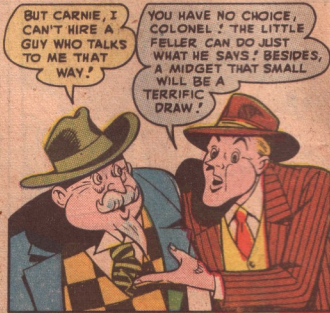
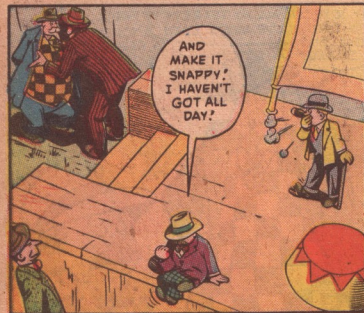
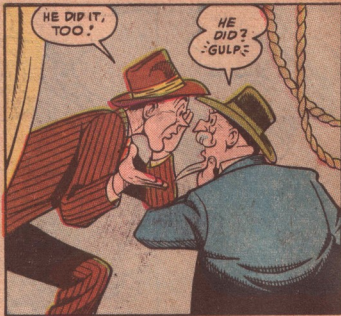




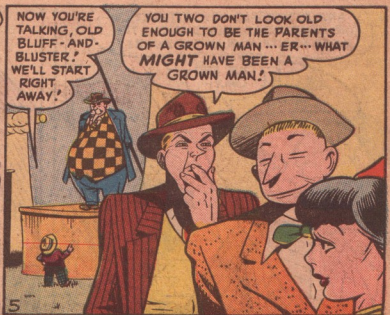
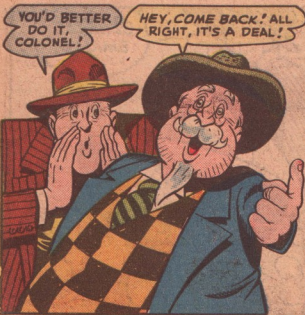
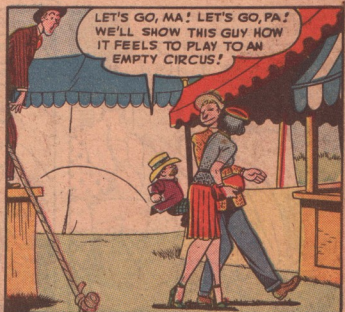
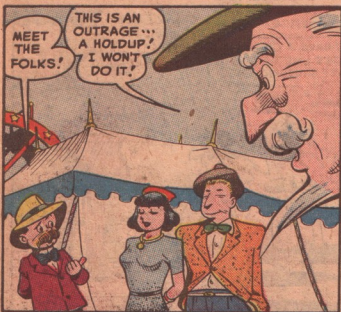








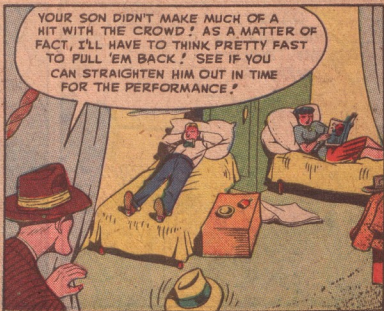
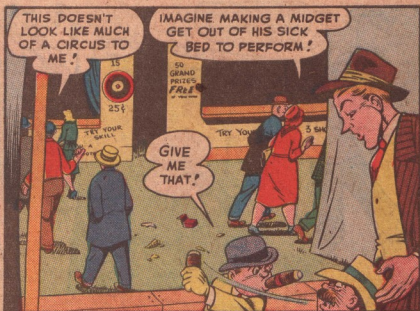
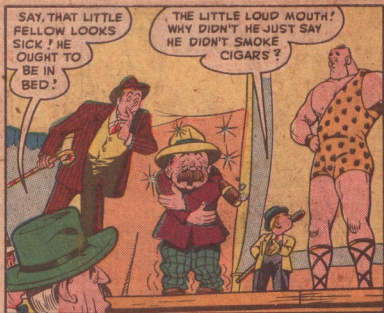




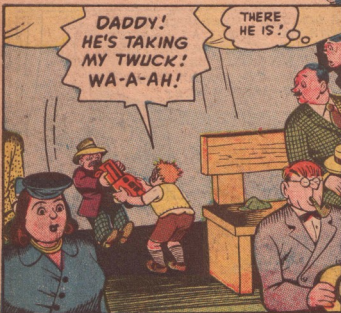
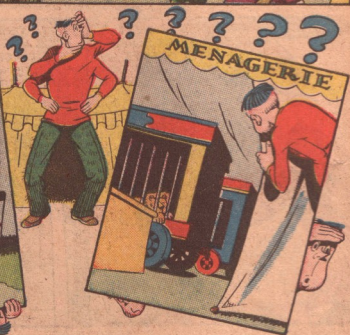
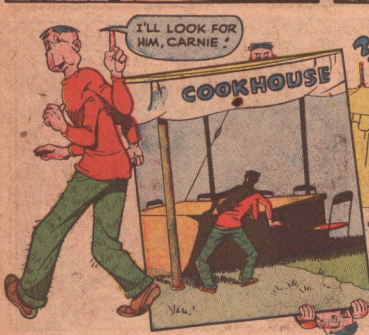


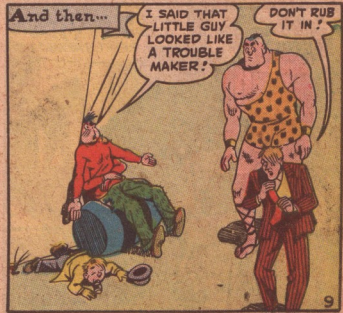
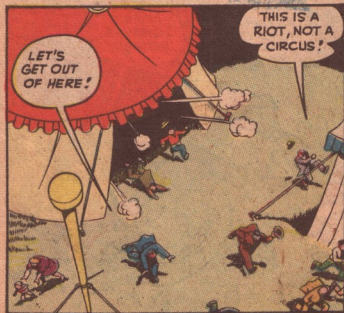
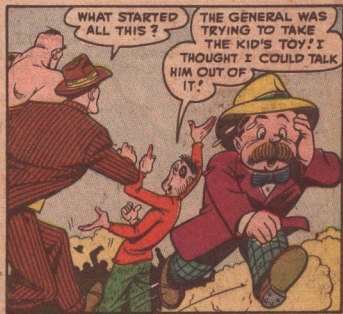
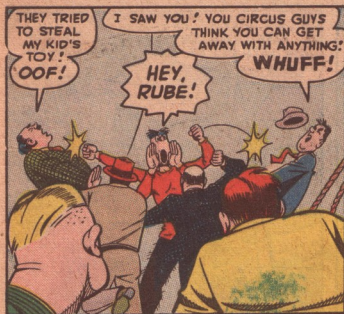










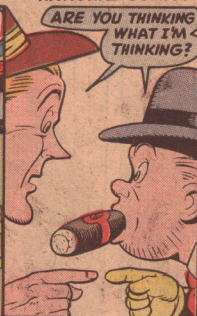






HE GETS SICK ON A CIGAR!

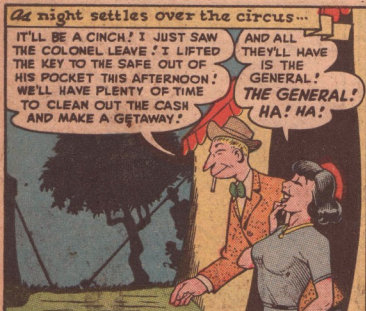
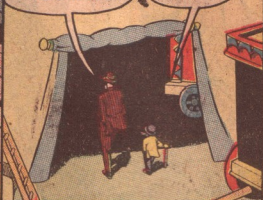
AND HE TRIES TO TAKE A TOY FROM A KID!



ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

---AND THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD REASON FOR A GROWN MAN TO INSIST ON HAVING HIS MOTHER AND FATHER ALONG!

YEAH---A MOTHER AND FATHER WHO DON'T EVEN LOOK OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE A FIVE YEAR OLD KID!



A night settles over the circus...

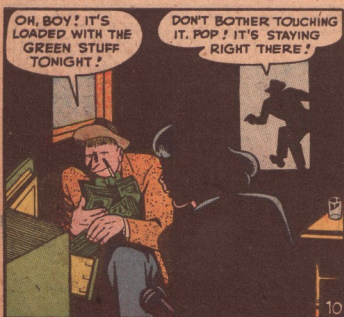
IT'LL BE A CINCH! I JUST SAW THE COLONEL LEAVE! I LIFTED THE KEY TO THE SAFE OUT OF HIS POCKET THIS AFTERNOON! WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO CLEAN OUT THE CASH AND MAKE A GETAWAY!

AND ALL THEY'LL HAVE IS THE GENERAL! THE GENERAL! HA! HA!



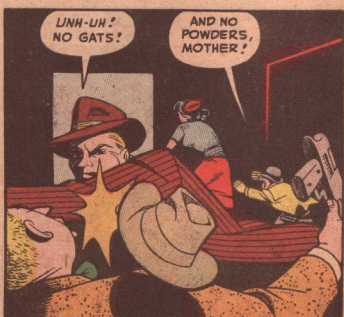
A COUPLE OF SAFE-CRACKERS! LET'S GET 'EM!

MY IDEA EXACTLY!



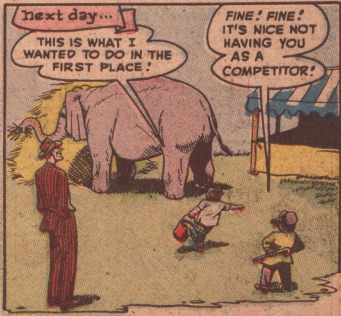
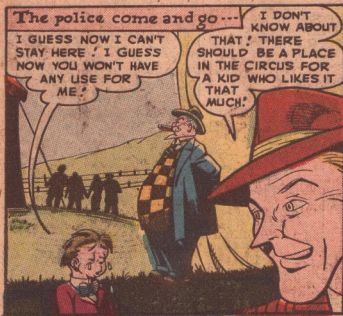
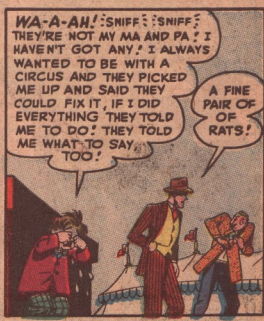
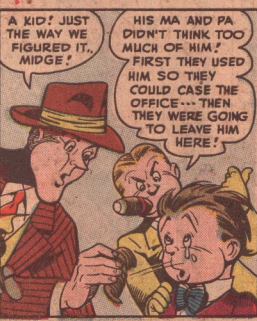
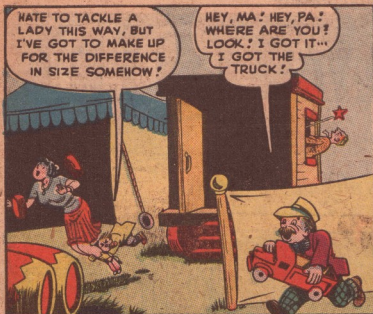
OH, BOY! IT'S LOADED WITH THE GREEN STUFF TONIGHT!

DON'T BOTHER TOUCHING IT. POP! IT'S STAYING RIGHT THERE!



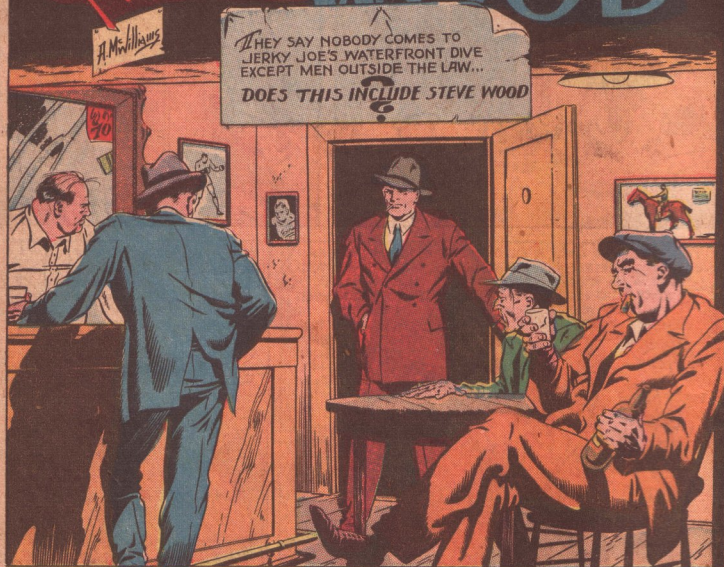
UNH-UH! NO GATS!

AND NO POWDERS, MOTHER!





# Steve WOOD



THE JOB OF SECRETARY TO DETECTIVE STEVE WOOD ISN'T ALWAYS SUGAR AND SPICE...!!

BUT STEVE... THIS WAS THE NIGHT YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE TREVOR GUARDSMEN'S BALL.... REMEMBER?

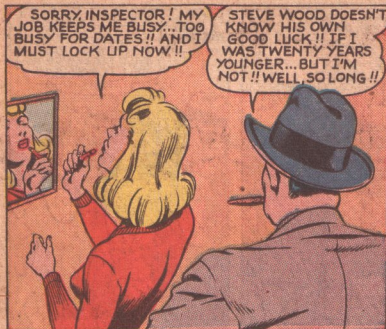
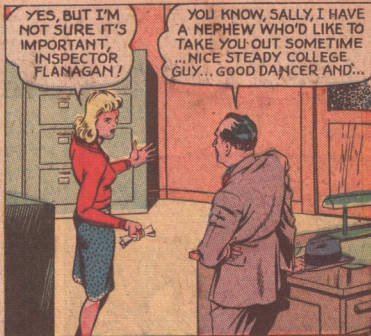
SORRY, SALLY... SOMETHING'S COME UP! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ANOTHER DATE TOMORROW OR THE NEXT NIGHT! GOODBYE NOW!!



TROUBLE FOR STEVE? HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT THIS LETTER AND BREEZED OFF!!

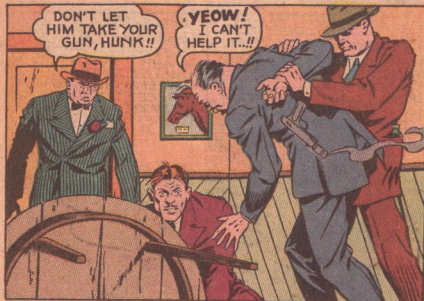


Dear Steve -  
Must see you at  
once - Back room  
of Jerky Joe's, the  
sooner the better  
I'm waiting  
Vilma









THAT WASN'T WHAT I EXPECTED OF YOU, STEVE... AND I CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN !!



WHEN STEVE WOOD RECOVERS HIS SENSES



...SO VILMA AND I HAVE JUST COME TO AN UNDERSTANDING, WOOD!! WE'LL DIVIDE THE PROFITS ON THE POISON!! IT MEANS FORTUNES TO PEOPLE IN THE RIGHT BUSINESS... AND IT CAN'T BE TRACED BY DOCTORS OR COPS!!

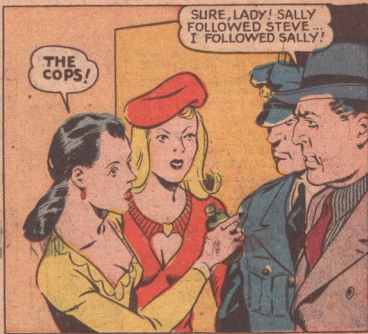


I'M GOING TO TRY IT OUT ON YOU, SEE HOW QUICKLY IT KILLS... THEN HOLD AN AUTOPSY TO SEE IF IT'S REALLY UNTRACEABLE! AFTER THAT, I'LL STUDY IT FOR A FORMULA AND BEGIN MAKING ENOUGH TO SELL PROFITABLY...!!



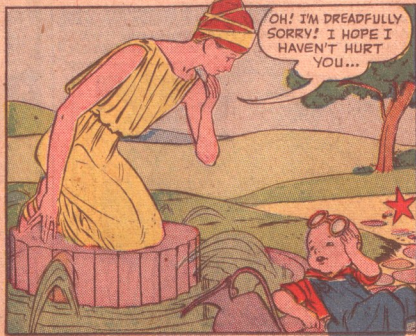
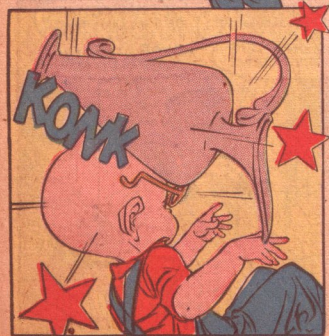
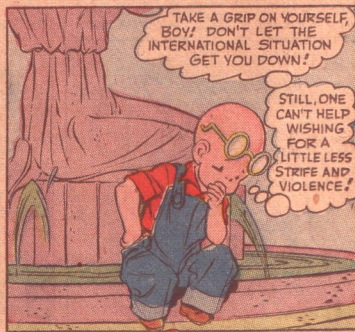
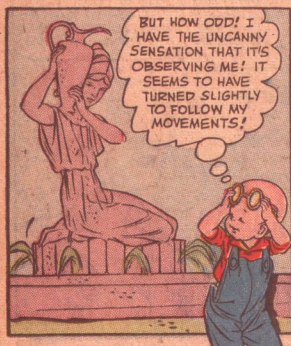
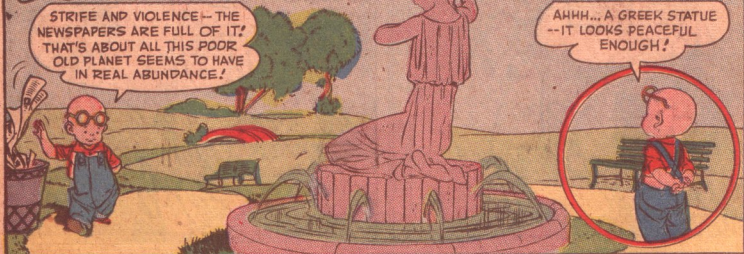


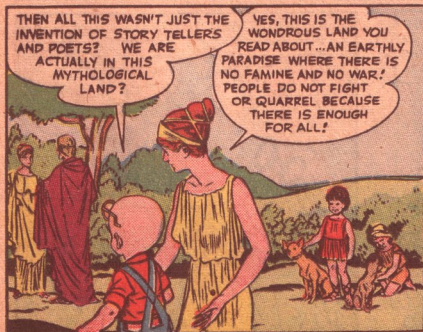
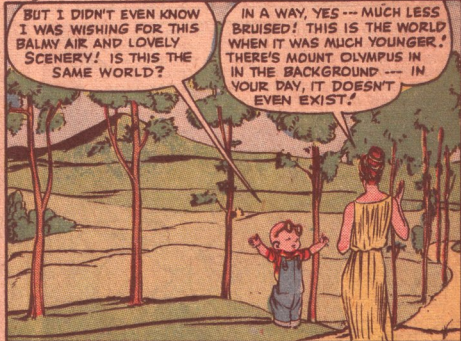
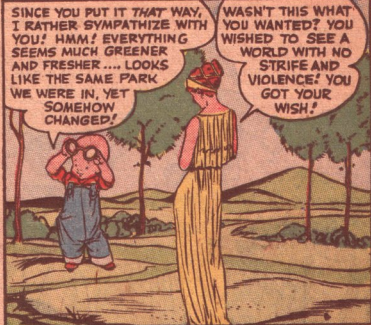






# Intellectual AMOS





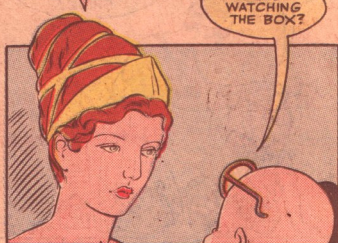


BUT, IF THIS IS OUR SAME WORLD, WHAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE TRANSITION? WHAT CHANGED THIS TROUBLE-FREE PARADISE?

OH, THERE **WERE** TROUBLES IN THE BEGINNING! BUT WITH CONSIDERABLE EFFORT ON THE PART OF EVERYONE, THEY WERE ALL ROUNDED UP AND LOCKED IN A GREAT BOX!

THE BOX WAS GIVEN IN TRUST TO THE PEOPLE....IT BECAME THEIR RESPONSIBILITY NEVER TO OPEN IT, LEST THE UGLY PLAGUES ESCAPE!

HMM... WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN A GOOD IDEA TO ORGANIZE A GOOD STRONG FORCE TO TAKE OVER THE JOB OF WATCHING THE BOX?



IT WAS DEEMED BEST NOT TO CONCENTRATE TOO MUCH POWER IN THE HANDS OF A SMALL GROUP! INSTEAD, THE RESPONSIBILITY WAS PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE **PEOPLE**, WHICH IS JUST, FOR IT IS THEY WHO SUFFER WHEN THESE EVILS ARE LOOSE!...

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO LOOK AROUND A LITTLE? JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME HERE!

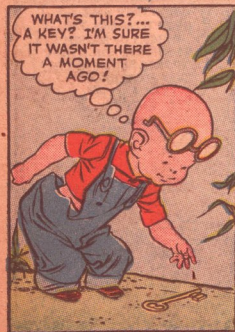


THIS IS A VERITABLE PARADISE—A WORLD UNTAINTED BY MONEY OR GREED! THE ONLY THINGS OF VALUE ARE FREE.... ALL THE LAUGHTER AND HAPPINESS A WORLD CAN CONTAIN... BUT HOW DID WE LOSE ALL THIS? WHAT CAUSED THIS FALL... I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW!

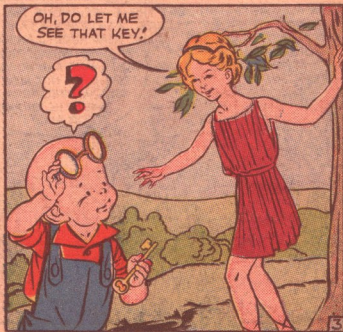


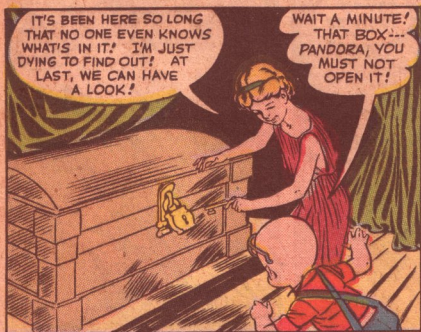
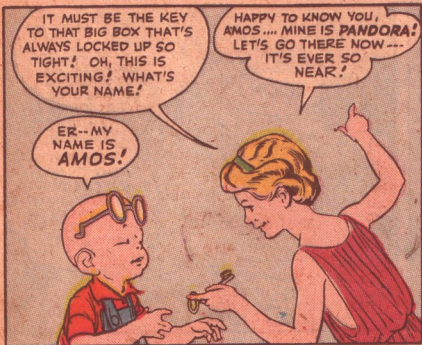
WHAT'S THIS?... A KEY? I'M SURE IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO!

HMM! WISHES COME TRUE! CAN IT BE THAT THIS KEY CAN TELL ME THE STORY?

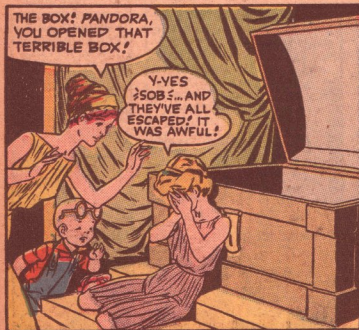
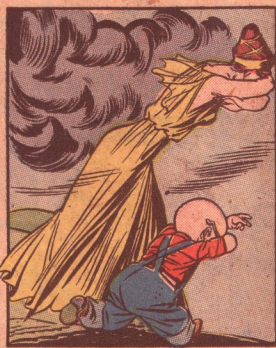
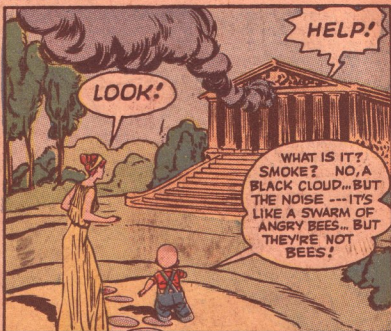


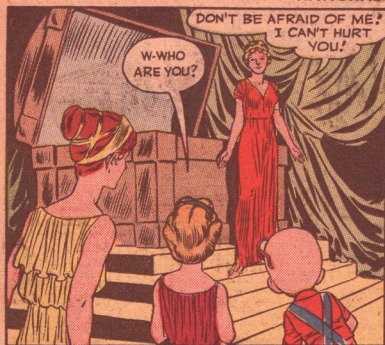
OH, DO LET ME SEE THAT KEY!











W-WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T BE AFRAID OF ME!  
I CAN'T HURT YOU!



I, TOO, WAS RELEASED BY THE OPENING OF THE BOX! BUT WHILE THE THINGS IMPRISONED THERE WERE SYMBOLS OF THE WORLD'S EVILS, I AM THE SYMBOL OF GOOD! MY NAME IS **HOPE**!



MINE IS THE POWER TO DRY YOUR TEARS AND HEAL YOUR WOUNDS! LOOK... I KISS YOUR HURT AND IT PASSES LIKE A BREEZE!

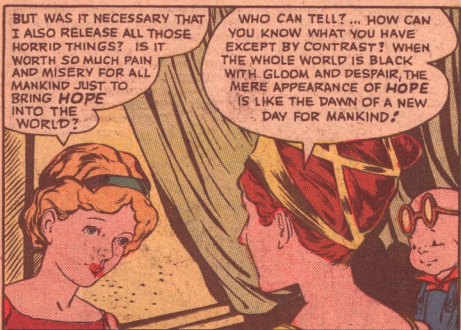


THAT'S RIGHT!  
IT DOESN'T HURT ANY MORE!



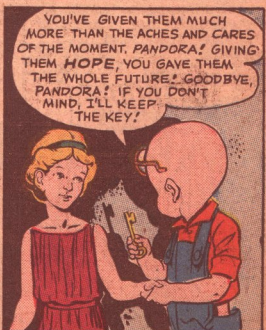
SHE'S DISAPPEARED!  
SHE'S GONE!

NO, SHE'S NOT GONE! YOU DON'T SEE HER, BUT SHE HAS BECOME PART OF YOU! SHE'S BECOME PART OF US ALL... HOPE HAS BEEN BORN INTO THE WORLD!



BUT WAS IT NECESSARY THAT I ALSO RELEASE ALL THOSE HORRID THINGS? IS IT WORTH SO MUCH PAIN AND MISERY FOR ALL MANKIND JUST TO BRING **HOPE** INTO THE WORLD?

WHO CAN TELL? ... HOW CAN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE EXCEPT BY CONTRAST? WHEN THE WHOLE WORLD IS BLACK WITH GLOOM AND DESPAIR, THE MERE APPEARANCE OF **HOPE** IS LIKE THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY FOR MANKIND!



YOU'VE GIVEN THEM MUCH MORE THAN THE ACHES AND CARES OF THE MOMENT, **PANDORA**! GIVING THEM **HOPE**, YOU GAVE THEM THE WHOLE FUTURE! GOODBYE, **PANDORA**! IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL KEEP THE KEY!



# SALLY O'NEIL



**DON'T  
KILL YOUR ENEMIES  
AND RISK THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR**

**LET ME FRAME  
THEM INTO PRISON  
OR DISGRACE FOR  
YOU!!**  
*The "Framer"*

**T**HE UNDERWORLD PAID \$20,000 TO HAVE POLICEWOMAN SALLY O'NEIL FRAMED AND DISGRACED! THEY ALMOST GOT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH...UNTIL SALLY COOKED UP A LITTLE IRON-BARRED FRAME OF HER OWN!

WE WANNA  
SEE **THE  
FRAMER**--  
-- ON  
BUSINESS!

COME IN AND KEEP  
WALKING TILL I  
TELL YOU TO STOP!  
THEN **STOP!**

HEY, THAT  
LIGHT'S  
BLINDING  
ME! I  
CAN'T  
SEE A  
THING!

YOU'RE NOT  
SUPPOSED TO  
SEE! STAND  
STILL AND  
STATE YOUR  
BUSINESS!

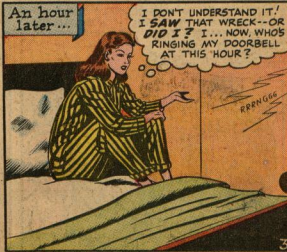
W-WE WANNA GET  
POLICEWOMAN  
SALLY O'NEIL  
FRAMED --  
PINCHED OR  
KICKED OFF  
THE FORCE!

SHE'S CLOSIN'  
IN ON US! WE  
WANT HER,  
DISCREDITED  
SO HER  
EVIDENCE  
WON'T BE  
ANY GOOD!













DEPOSIT THIS TO MY ACCOUNT! IMAGINE MY WINNING \$2,000 IN A CONTEST I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WAS RUNNING!

CONGRATULATIONS, MISS O'NEIL! I WISH I COULD WIN SOMETHING ONCE!



Later that day...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CHIEF?

YES, SALLY! READ THIS, PLEASE!



TIPS ON THE TOWN

— BY TIP TANNER  
What famous police officer finally yielded to temptation and accepted a \$2,000 bribe to clear the way for a \$50,000 robbery?

CHIEF... THE ANSWER... THE ITEM DOESN'T SAY POLICE-MAN, SALLY! WE HAVE POLICEWOMEN, TOO!



I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER, CHIEF. I'D HATE TO THINK ANY OF OUR BOYS...

THE ITEM DOESN'T SAY POLICE-MAN, SALLY! WE HAVE POLICEWOMEN, TOO!



CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE \$2000 CASH-DEPOSIT YOU MADE THIS MORNING AFTER I WON THAT IN SOUPY-SOAP'S NEW PAIR OF GOLD CONTEST! DO YOU THINK I ACCEPTED A BRIBE?



INTERESTING! THE SOUPY-SOAP OFFICIALS SAY THEY ARE RUNNING NO CONTEST AND NEVER HEARD OF ONE! STATION QQWX SAYS THE SAME!

BUT--BUT THEY'RE WRONG! I GOT THE MONEY!



IT'S HOW YOU GOT IT THAT COUNTS! I'LL HAVE TO ASK FOR YOUR BADGE, SALLY, UNTIL THE MATTER IS CLEARED UP!

UHP! ALL RIGHT, CHIEF! MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT NOW!



I'VE BEEN NEATLY FRAMED BY THIS FRAMER-- AND WHAT I'LL DO WHEN I CATCH HIM DOESN'T COME UNDER THE HEAD OF POLICE PROCEDURE!

WAIT, SALLY---



AS CHIEF OF POLICE, I HAD TO ACT ON THIS EVIDENCE, SALLY! YOU KNOW MY POSITION! BUT AS YOUR FRIEND, I'M FOR YOU!

THANKS, CHIEF! THAT'S THE FIRST HEARTENING THING I'VE HEARD!



I-I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START-- I'M FRAMED AND SEWED UP TIGHT! NO ONE WITNESSED THE PHONE CALL AND UNDOUBTEDLY THAT MESSENGER WAS AN INNOCENT TOOL WHO'D KNOW NOTHING! AS TIP TANNER SAID---

WAIT A MINUTE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? IF THE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WILL PLAY ALONG WITH ME...



Some hurried calls from a nearby phone booth and then...

SO THAT'S THAT! I'VE CALLED EVERY NEWSPAPER AND CONFIRMED MY SUSPICION! NOW I'LL GIVE THE FRAMER A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!



WELL--UH--IT SOUNDS CRAZY, SALLY! BUT I KNOW THE JAM YOU'RE IN AND I'D SURE LIKE TO HELP YOU! I'LL DO IT!

SWELL, FLYNN!

AND IF I'M RIGHT, WE'LL SOLVE YOUR WAREHOUSE ROBBERY AT THE SAME TIME! LET'S GO!



That night, as Tip Tanner enters his apartment...

HO--HAMM! ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR--AWRRK! WHAT'S THIS? A COP--- **MURDERED**-- IN MY APARTMENT!





I HEAR YOU IN THERE!  
COME OUT WITH YOUR  
HANDS UP, KILLER!

COMING...

BUMP!  
BUMP!

SALLY O'NEIL-- SO  
YOU QUARRELED  
WITH FLYNN AND  
KILLED HIM!

NO, TIP! YOU KILLED HIM!  
HE'S IN YOUR APARTMENT  
AND NOW YOUR FINGER-  
PRINTS ARE ALL OVER THE  
MURDER GUN!

MY GUN'S LOADED AND YOURS  
ISN'T, **MISTER  
FRAMER!**

Y-YOU'RE  
CRAZY, SALLY!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT?

YOU RAN THOSE FRAMER ITEMS  
AND TOLD ABOUT THE BRIBE!  
NONE OF THE OTHER PAPERS KNEW  
IT, WHICH PROVES THAT YOU  
KNEW BECAUSE  
YOU WERE  
**THE FRAMER!**

YOU CAN'T DO  
THIS! YOU'RE A  
COP! YOU CAN'T  
FRAME ME FOR  
A MURDER I  
DIDN'T COMMIT!

I'M **NOT**  
A COP!  
YOU GOT  
ME KICKED  
OFF THE  
FORCE--  
REMEMBER?

WAIT! I'LL CONFESS--  
I'M **THE FRAMER!**  
I'LL TELL ABOUT  
THAT SILK ROBBERY--  
ANYTHING TO KEEP  
FROM BURNING FOR  
MURDER! I  
**FRAMED  
YOU!**

THAT'S ALL I WANTED  
TO HEAR! AND THIS  
I CAN'T RESIST!

WE ALL HEARD IT,  
SALLY! YOU'RE CLEARED  
AND **THE FRAMER**  
HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN  
HIS OWN TRAP!

IN THAT CASE,  
CAN I GET UP  
OFF THIS COLD  
FLOOR AND  
WIPE THE  
CATSUP OFF  
MY FACE?

LUG THAT GUY TO JAIL, BOYS!  
SALLY, COME ON BACK AND  
GET YOUR BADGE! I HAD IT  
POLISHED UP FOR YOU THIS  
AFTERNOON!

AWRRRK!

# GRANNY GUMSHOE



by Gill Fox



## GRANNY GUMSHOE

is the sweet, little old lady with the maternal personality whose abilities in criminology have made her a top-flight sleuth!

Now she tangles with Mademoiselle Angora, a night club dancer, who uses devilish ingenuity to become fabulously wealthy overnight!

An urgent appeal for Granny's assistance from the Captain of The Homicide Squad brings Granny on the double....

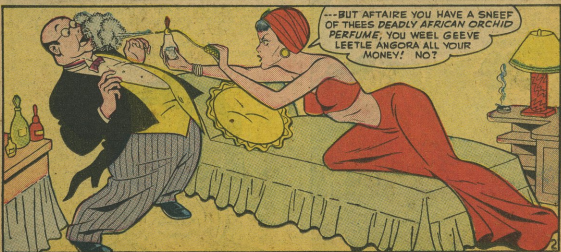
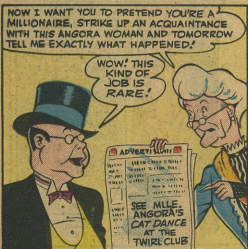
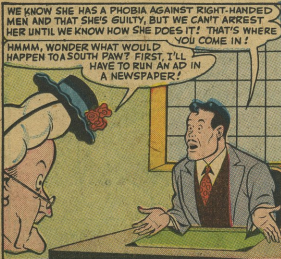
MRS. GUMSHOE,  
WE NEED YOUR HELP....WE'RE STUMPED!  
FIVE MILLIONAIRES HAVE STRANGLED  
THEMSELVES WITH THEIR  
OWN RIGHT  
HAND!

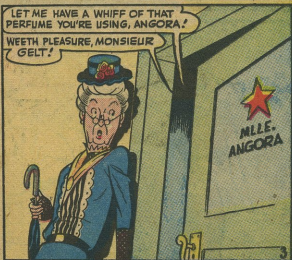
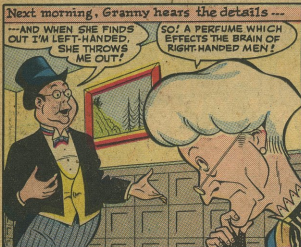


AND AFTER EACH DEATH, A NIGHT CLUB  
DANCER NAMED MADEMOISELLE ANGORA,  
HAS APPEARED AT THE BANK WITH A **GOOD**  
CHECK FOR ALL THE MONEY OF THE  
DECEASED MILLIONAIRES!

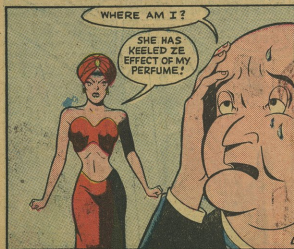
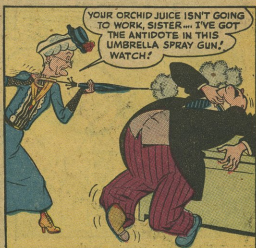
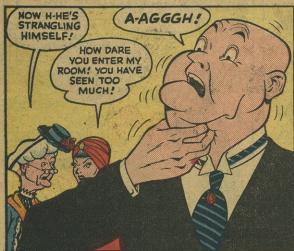
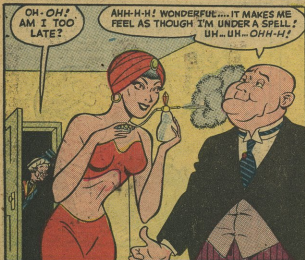


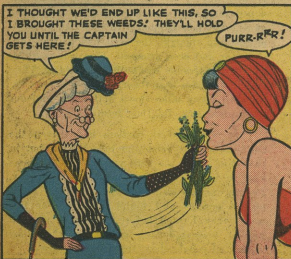
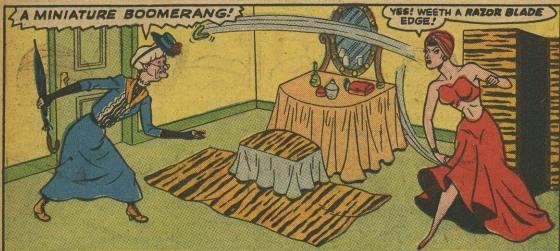














# THE *Lost* HERD

IT was hot, that September day in 1870. The herd of five thousand cattle were panting at sundown, and sweaty blankets showed around the edges of saddles borne by drooping cow ponies. Zack Poggin dismounted, removed his broad brimmed hat, wiped his forehead with one arm, and waved the other at the cowboys.

"Round 'em up and bed 'em down, boys," he said. "Looks like a pretty good camping place to me. It's only ten miles to the mouth of Magua Creek and the Rio Grande, and we've got the rest of the winter to get there, if we need to take it."

No one objected to the order, but one cow poke violated a long standing rule of the range; he prophesied about the weather.

"It's gonna come some kind of weather," he said. "It's too hot, even for the Big Bend country."

Poggin looked uneasily at the sky. "May do it, Buck. I reckon if it does we can stand it about as well here as anywhere."

It did come about midnight. Its coming was preceded by continuous flashes of lightning that almost made day out of night and clearly revealed rolling black thunderheads across the northern sky. Then the clouds rolled closer and brought with them a fierce biting wind, as they swooped down on the herd and the cow punchers. The rain came in sheets. The cattle stirred, began milling, and finally stampeded. Between the flashes of lightning the darkness was so thick that a man could not see his hand before his face. One or two of the cowboys started to try breaking up the stampede, but Poggin called them.

"No use, boys. We'll round 'em up tomorrow. Right now we've got to get ready for this blizzard, or we'll all freeze."

The outfit had a lone tent, which they hurriedly stretched, and they had been lucky enough to have camped near a ravine with a wind break to the north, in which they staked their ponies. They even managed to drag in some rain-soaked dead mesquite wood, which

came in handy later in making fires. Three of them slept in the chuck wagon, with the wagon sheet offering some protection from the blizzard. All of them found it necessary, however, to add their slickers to their rolls before they could sleep warm, and some of them tied their saddle blankets around their shivering horses to keep them from freezing.

The water turned to ice on the ground, and the mesquites nearby broke with the weight of icicles. Then the snow began, and it offered some shelter except when the men had to get out of their tent or wagon. For four days Poggin and his men struggled to keep from freezing. It was not until the storm broke and the weather cleared that they gave much thought to their herd of cattle. All the men agreed that it was the worst blizzard they had ever seen.

When they did start looking for their stock they failed to find them. For miles in every direction they scoured the countryside, but not a sign did they see of those five thousand cattle. The rain and snow had been heavy enough to wipe out tracks, but not even a frozen carcass could they locate. To all outward appearances the herd had vanished from the earth.

They had intended to graze the cows in the vicinity for the winter, but a single storm had wiped them out of existence. They could not guess what had happened to their stock. Some of the men thought the herd had drifted into the river and been drowned. That was possible, for the Rio Grande was half full of water. They had to abandon that theory, however, for they searched many miles down both sides, and not a drowned cow did they locate.

They wondered if rustlers had driven the cattle across the river and into Mexico, but in that case surely the herd would have left some kind of trail. To be certain about the matter, Poggin and his men scouted the country south of the border—and found nothing. For two weeks they hunted before they gave up and headed toward home, wondering what they would tell people about the whole business.

Whatever they told was retold again and again around chuck wagon fires until it became a legend. In time many persons came to regard it as a tall tale, on the same order as the Pecos Bill stories. Others were curious enough to visit the place where the herd was supposed to have vanished. Always they came away shaking their heads.

Various theories were advanced: Had Poggin and his men sold the cattle to Mexicans?

No. That possibility was thoroughly checked with the Mexican authorities.

The rustler angle was thrown out, too. No tracks had been found.

The cattle had simply vanished without a mark. It bordered upon the supernatural.

Some folk hunted up survivors of the expedition and heard the tale afresh. The fact that some of those men had reputations for truthfulness only deepened the mystery. No one could figure out what had become of the lost herd.

For several years the thing hung fire, and often Poggin heard ugly tales of what he and his men *might* have done to lose those cattle. When this occurred, there was nothing he could say in defense of his own and his men's reputations. Nothing he could say would help any. But he hoped mightily that some trace would be found of the five thousand head of cows.

Some fifty years later two prospectors entered the Magma Creek region. They had heard that it contained a silver mine which Spaniards had operated in the days of the conquistadores; and they were trying to find it. Of course, they had also heard the story of the lost herd of cattle.

Said one, "If we find out what became of those cows it'll be worth almost as much as the old silver mine."

"Yes," replied the other. "I for one would rather find out about the lost cows than the mine. I have always wondered about that legend."

Sundown found them in the upper end of a long canyon. As they needed water and a camping place, they pushed on down the canyon to find them. As they kept on riding south the canyon grew deeper, and its sides became steep-

er. The place was very dark and totally without life.

Finally, they reached the lower end, to find a wall of rock barring their path. There was an opening in it though, and to get a better view the men dismounted and peered through the twilight for a closer look.

"A cave," said one of the men, "and a big one at that."

"Yeah," said the other. "We'll have a look at it; but I'd suggest that we make camp and do it in the morning."

They camped, without water, and waited for morning, when they began an exploration of the cave. It covered several underground acres, and was filled with many tons of rock and debris as if from some ancient volcanic disturbance.

They had walked to the farthest end of the huge cavern, which was about a quarter-mile, when one of the men, carrying a torch, stumbled upon a whitish thing that was no rock.

"Bone!" he said. "Looks like an old time loughorn might have worn it. It's a skull."

Then they began finding more bones. Tons of them, all white and bleached from long years of lying in the dry air of the cave.

Then they came upon a veritable field of cow bones and long horns, all in a good state of preservation.

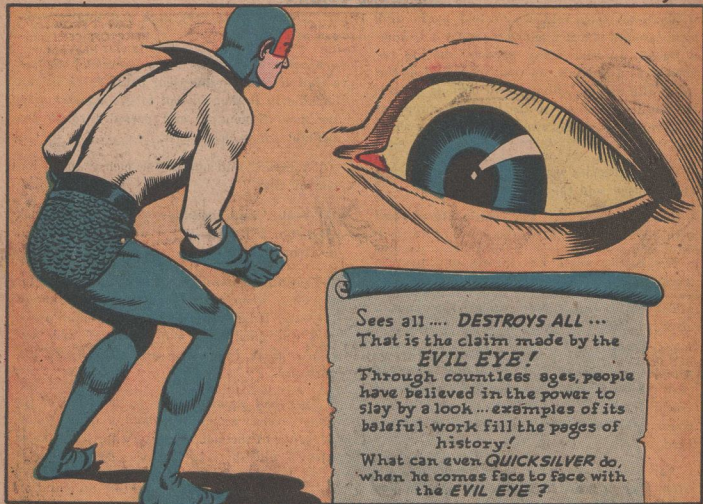
"You know what?" said one of the men, "I think the old mystery is solved. This is where those cattle ended up."

"Looks like it," said the other. "But how in the heck did they get in here? They couldn't have squeezed through that crack that forms the opening. It's too narrow."

The other nodded. "But did you ever think of an avalanche, or a slight quake? That could have happened, shutting them off—and the men looking for them."

There was no doubt in their minds, nor was there any in the minds of others who went to view the bone-filled cave. The mystery of the lost herd had been solved at last.





Sees all .... **DESTROYS ALL** ...  
That is the claim made by the  
**EVIL EYE!**

Through countless ages, people  
have believed in the power to  
slay by a look ... examples of its  
baleful work fill the pages of  
history!

What can even **QUICKSILVER** do,  
when he comes face to face with  
the **EVIL EYE**?

# QUICKSILVER

High above the roofs of  
the city's most sinister  
street...

A CROWD'S  
GATHERING  
BELOW--AND  
CROWDS NEVER  
GATHER HERE  
EXCEPT FOR  
TROUBLE!

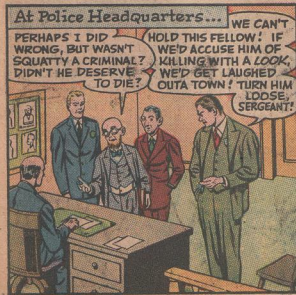
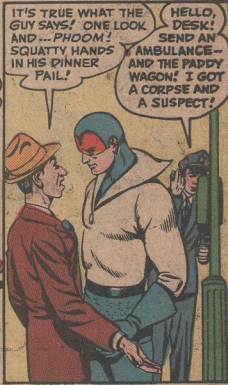
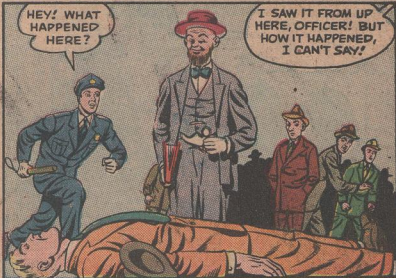
IT'S TRUE, YOU  
FOOLS! THIS BOOK  
HAS TAUGHT ME HOW  
--I CAN CAST THE  
EVIL EYE ON ANY-  
ONE I CHOOSE!

HAW! HAW! HAW!  
THAT MIGHT SCARE  
SOME JERKS--BUT  
NOT SQUATTY! YOU'RE  
TALKING TO A  
WISE GUY!

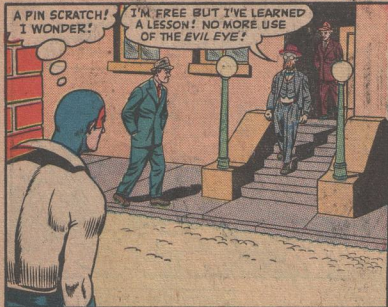
IF LOOKS COULD  
KILL ANYBODY, I'D  
BEEN LOOKED TO  
DEATH LONG AGO--  
BY SOME RIVAL  
MOBSTER!

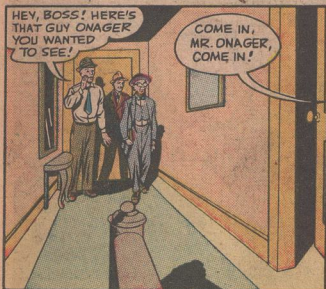
SQUATTY  
--IF THAT'S  
YOUR NAME  
--YOU SEEM  
TO BE DARING  
ME TO DEMON-  
STRATE MY EVIL  
EYE POWER!



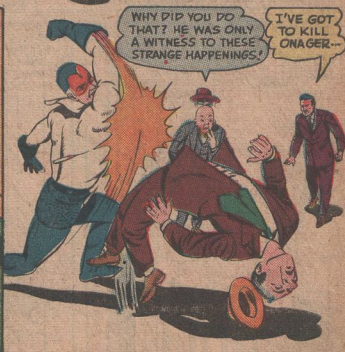
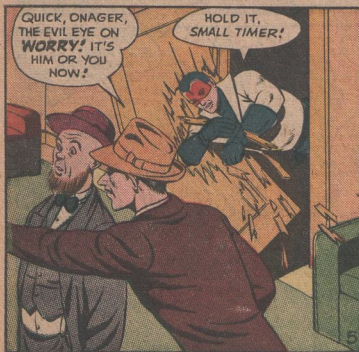


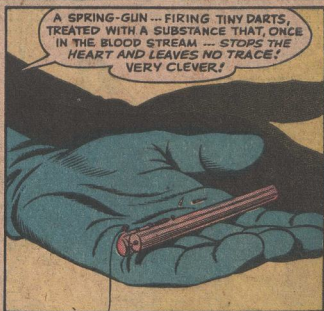






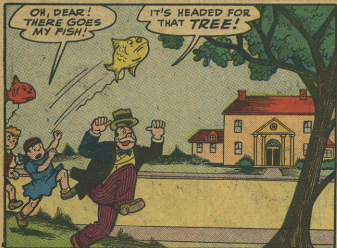
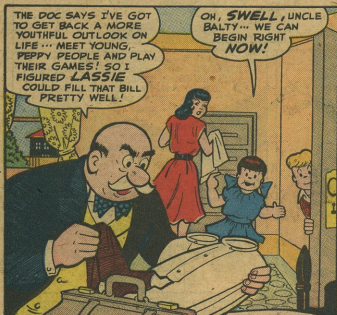


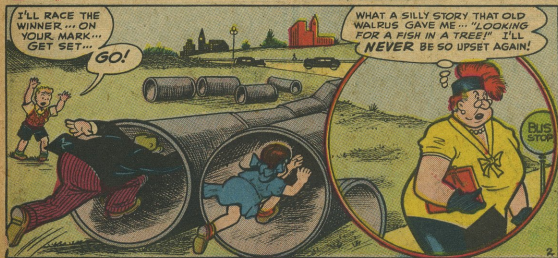
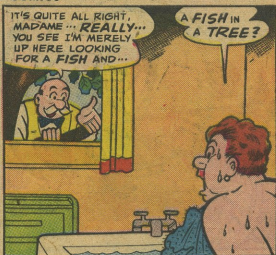
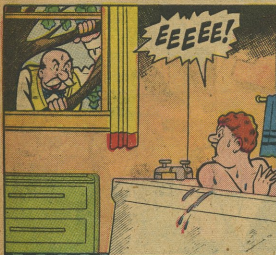




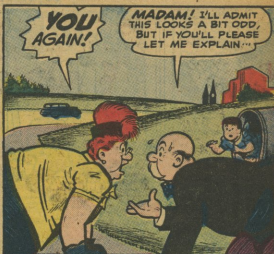
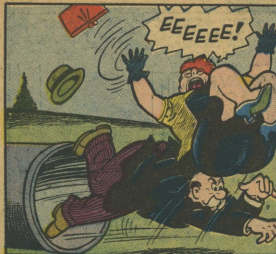


# LASSIE





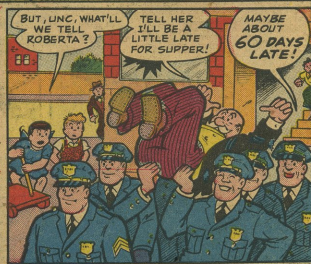
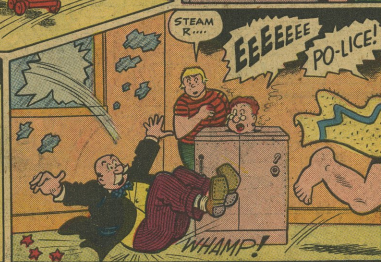
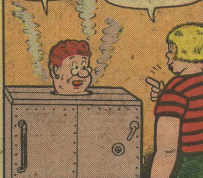






I TELL YOU, HILDA, IT WAS **GRUESOME**... THIS OLD CREATURE KEPT POPPING UP **EVERYWHERE!**

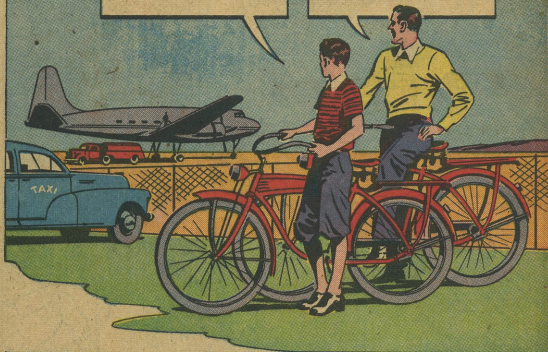
WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE **SAFE HERE!** NO ONE **EVER** CRASHED THE LADIES...





"Gosh Dad, you mean  
Bendix Brakes  
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds  
brakes for all types of  
planes, cars and trucks!"



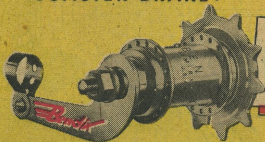
GET THE NEW

**Bendix**

COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. ®TRADEMARK

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER  
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

- ★ Easy to put together and take apart
- ★ Longer Life   ★ Fewer Parts   ★ Easier to Pedal
- ★ Stops Quicker   ★ Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

# FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around" if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

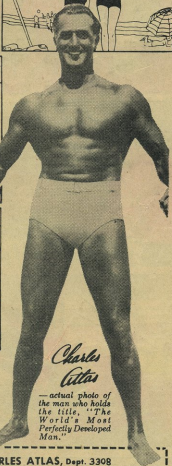
### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. ....  
(if any) State.....



# "U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## "OUTWITTING The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND  
THAT RANSOM NOTE,  
I'LL BE SITTIN'  
PRETTY...



AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS  
LAST SEEN ON  
ROUTE 22  
DRIVING TOWARD  
SPARTA  
MOUNTAIN...

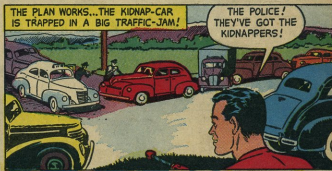
GOLLY...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
THIS WAY!

COME ON,  
FELLAS...WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
THE CROSSROADS!



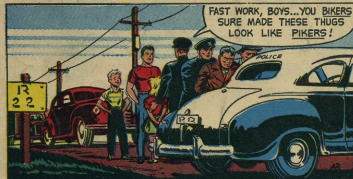
YOU GO GET THE POLICE.  
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH  
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER.\*

\* A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF  
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!



THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR  
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!

THE POLICE!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS  
SURE MADE THESE THUGS  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!



FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB  
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



"I CAN STOP FASTER--EASIER--  
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"  
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE  
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY  
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, Surer STOPS.  
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

NEXT ISSUE:  
TRAPPING A  
BANDIT!

# U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science

National Comics #61

1940 Series - Quality Comics, August 1947, coverprice 0.10 , 52 pages.

Format: standard newsstand comic

Zoom: 4x 16x

© Quality Comics \*No Title Given\*

Cover Credits:

Al Bryant (Pencils) Al Bryant (Inks)

Cover Feature: Barker

Genre: adventure;humor

Indexer notes:

1st 52-page issue

Editor: George Brenner

This series has been indexed by

Bob Klein

Lou Mougin .

Stories/features:

1. Trouble Comes In Small Packages
2. [Vilma and the Black Bottle]
3. "[Pandora's Box, Take Two]"
4. The Framer
5. [Mademoiselle Angora]
6. The Lost Herd
7. The Evil Eye
8. [Uncle Balthazar's Youthful Outlook]

Series info

[View covergallery](#)

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Trouble Comes In Small Packages



(Sequence 1 , 11 pages  
Feature Story: Barker

Credits:  
Klaus Nordling (Script), Klaus Nordling (Pencils), Klaus Nordling (Inks),

Genre: adventure;humor

Indexer notes:  
"title from cover; V: General Smallo, a husband-and-wife crook team (I for all)"

-----

[Vilma and the Black Bottle]  
(Sequence 2 , 6 pages  
Feature Story: Steve Wood

Credits:  
? (Script), Al McWilliams (Pencils), Al McWilliams (Inks),

Genre: detective

Indexer notes:  
"V: Vilma Drum, Sawbones and his mob (I for all)"

-----

"[Pandora's Box, Take Two]"  
(Sequence 3 , 6 pages  
Feature Story: Intellectual Amos

Credits:  
Andre LeBlanc (Script), Andre LeBlanc (Pencils), Andre LeBlanc (Inks),

Genre: humor; adventure; children

Indexer notes:  
"I: An ancient Grecian woman, Pandora, and Hope; story is a retelling of the Pandora's Box legend; last appearance"

-----

The Framer  
(Sequence 4 , 7 pages  
Feature Story: Sally O'Neil Policewoman

Credits:  
? (Script), Al Bryant? (Pencils), Al Bryant? (Inks),

Genre: detective

Indexer notes:

V: The Framer (I; Tip Tanner)

---

[Mademoiselle Angora]

(Sequence 5 , 5 pages

Feature Story: Granny Gumshoe

Credits:

Gill Fox (Script), Gill Fox (Pencils), Gill Fox (Inks),

Genre: detective

Indexer notes:

V: Mademoiselle Angora (I)

---

The Lost Herd

(Sequence 6 , 2 pages

Credits:

? (Script), typeset (Letters).

Indexer notes:

text story

---

The Evil Eye

(Sequence 7 , 6 pages

Feature Story: Quicksilver

Credits:

? (Script), Dan Zolnerowich (Pencils), Dan Zolnerowich (Inks),

Genre: superhero

Indexer notes:

"I: Onager; V: Squatty, Hips Hoag, an unnamed hood (all I, D), Worry Witson and his gang, an unnamed murderer (I for all)"

---

[Uncle Balthazar's Youthful Outlook]

(Sequence 8 , 4 pages

Feature Story: Lassie

Credits:

Bernard Dibble (Script), Bernard Dibble (Pencils), Bernard Dibble (Inks),



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